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THE PLOT DISCOVER'D:

OR A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN THE

POPE and the DEVIL,

At a late Conference.

Consulting the most Effectual Expedient for Promoting their joint Interest and Designes in the present Juncture of Affairs.

With their Instructions concluded upon to be sent to their Emissaries in all parts to that purpose.

Let all the People in the world admire,
That we are not Consum'd by sword and fire!
Since that the Pope *and* Devil *so contrives*
To Murder King, *and's People sacrifice.*

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The Plot Discover'd:

OR

A Dialogue between the Pope and the Devil.

The Introduction, or Occasion of the Conference.

HIs Holiness being lately much perplext at the Receipt of a Packet from *Utopia*, intimating that some of his most hopeful Projects, thwarted by Providence, were like to miscarry; forthwith summon'd all the Cardinals to a solemn Conclave, where a thousand Proposals were made for Retiriving the desperate Game, yet none that seem'd satisfactory: Whereupon Dismissing that Assembly, the holy Father reflecting how famous divers of his predecessors had been for *Negromancy* and *Conjuring*, sends immediately to the *Vatican* for some choice Volumes of *Magick*, and retiring (when Night-Masking heavens Face made all things appear black in conformity with his designs, and no noise but the Musick of howling Wolves and Schreech-Owls hollows could be heard) to an obscure corner of *Belvidere* his private Garden, he there with the accustomed Ceremonies, invokes *Lucifer*, Prince of the fallen Angels, to make his personal appearance, not doubting but the subtile degraded Seraphin (knowing it to be their joint Concern) would furnish him with some fresh new-minted Policies, for carrying on his business in this unexpected Exigency. Scarce had he finished his dreadful Orisons (which he repeated with more devotion than ever he mumbled out an *High Mass*) when the welcome Monarch of the infernal crew appears, usher'd with flashes of Lightning, and thus accosts him.

Devil. Who thus imperiously summons our Presence? We are of late too much crowded with imployments, both Military and Civil, Ecclesiastick and Secular, to attend every impertinents pleasure: speak therefore, and briefly thy Name and Business.

Pope. I am, Dread Prince of Darkness, *Servus servorum*, the humblest of your Vassals, your Deputy, your *Vice-Roy* on earth, on whom your Bounty has conferr'd the *Tripple Crown*, and other Marks of Damnable Favour; My business is to implore your Advice and Directions in

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in certain Affairs, that not a little concern both mine own, and your Interest.

Devil. Who? our infallible Factor? The Support of our Empire, and Darling of our hopes? to thee both our Ear and Breast shall be ever open.

Pope. Gracious *Belzebub*, You oblige me eternally to serve you; and as your assistance heretofore brought Princes to kiss my Gouty Toes, I cannot in gratitude refrain from paying the same Devotion to your most reverend Cloven-Foot.

Devil. Spare your unnecessary Complement, and acquaint us with the present posture of affairs.

Pope. I am all obedience to your Commands: but must crave leave to state things *ab origine*----- 'Tis not unknown to your Ghostly intelligence, what faithful Votaries my self and predecessors for many hundred years, have been to your hellish interest, after your *Delphick* Oracles were struck Dumb, and your heathen slaves grown weary of doing your tormenting Drudgeries. When the light of the Gospel in its purity, (which designs the utter Overthrow of your dark Kingdom) had baffled all your fury, becoming more bright by the surrounding Flames of persecution; so that you were forced for a time; to wave fruitless Rigors, and refer the Conduct of your affairs to our Management: You may remember how suddenly by another Path, we re-establisht your power greater than ever. Our fained Traditions, new invented Doctrines, Canons, Decrees, Decretals, Constitutions, and Pompous Ceremonies, had soon altered the Face of the Church, and rendred it quite different in all things (but the Name) from the primitive Simplicity. Our Pardons, Absolutions, Indulgencies for Murdering of Prince and People, permitting of publick Stews, or Bawdy-houses, our Doctrines of Merit, Venial Sin, Purgatory and works of Supererogation. What were they but so many Draw-nets, or Lime-twigs, to inveigle the Looser and Unwary part of Mankind in your Snares, and Lake of Perdition. After that, I need not recount the Bloody Wars we have raised, the horrid Treasonable plots we have fomented, the cruel Massacres we have caused throughout *Bohemia*, *England*, *France* and *Germany* of old, and in *Ireland*, and the vallies of *Piedmont*, of a latter Date; whereby some millions of innocent and pious Souls have been by our Religious industry, offered up as so many Victives to your hellish Malice. Besides this, we have of late——

Devil. Hold, hold, good Mr. *Pope*, though we allow you to preach your Doctrine of Merit to others, you must not boast of it to us: We

acknowledge your eminent Services, nor have we been behind hand in Retaliations: have we not advanced you to Riches, Pomp, and Glory? To the Title of Universal Bishop, and successor of *Peter*, (though you imitate him in nothing, but denying his Master:) Have we not brought you to lord over all your fellow Bishops: and behold with contempt, Kings, and Emperors, at your feet? is not your interest and advantage inseparably twisted with mine? if your Doctrines or Ceremonies bring me in Souls, do they not bring you in Money? and when your Zeal destroys my Enemies, do you not provide for your own Safety and Grandure?

Pope. 'Tis confest *Mighty Satan!* Nor did I intend to upbraid you with our Devoirs, but to induce you thereby rather to our Assistance; For some few Ages ago a pestilent Generation sprung up, that would pull down the whole Fabrick we so long have been Building, and Restore Religion in its primitive Beauty, stript of all these Meretricious Gayties, which at once both replenish your Territories and our *Coffer.*

Devil. Pish, pish, did I not teach you long since a Medicine, called the *Inquisition*, to stop the spreading of such Leprosies.

Pope. True, but alas! it came too late, some Kingdoms were so infected, that they cast off all subjection to our authority, and left no hopes (at least as yet) of bringing that most Excellent Engine amongst them to reduce 'um.

Devil, In that case too, I many years ago provided thee an Expedient, by erecting the Society of *Jesuits*, those Matchless Embroilers of Affairs, who being sent abroad, will, I doubt not, by their Learned and active Zeal, soon bring back these straggling Heretick to roost under the Wings of *Mother Church*, and truckel to your Irish wooden Chair.

Pope. Upon my *Holiness*, your *Devilship* is egregiously mistaken, a *Jesuite*, 'tis true, about 40. or 50. years ago was a pretty sprightly instrument, when they durst stab a wavering Monarch, or blow up an Heretical State at a Blast. But now alas! he is grown Old, Rusty and Dismeted: his very Name is odious amongst many of our own party, his prodigious Learning found but a blazing Meteor, and his Treasons, Murthers, and Equivocations, Colenages, and other Excellencies, become too over palpable.

Devil. Your *Holiness* prates like an Infallible Sot, thus to disparage the most Trusty *Janizaries* of our Empire; The Duller Order *Franciscans*, and *Capuchins*, with their nasty Austerities, may amuse

Melan-

Melancholly Fools: But 'tis these active *Sociable Incendiaries*, must do the grand Work; who by their Oyly Tongues, and Pliable Behaviour, insinuate themselves in Princes Courts, to Dive into their *Cabinet Councels*, and at the same time, abet all Factions, to infuse specious principles, preparatory to our Designes, in the head of the unwary Rabble.

Pope. True, it is all this, and more they have done, screwing themselves into the affections of *Grandees*, as gently as Malevolent Stars dart their influence, or blasting mildews slide into the bosome of a flower. They have varied shapes oftner than the *Cameleon* at Land, or *Polypus* at Sea: Now a Courtier, to morrow a Souldier, then a Cobler, by and by a Weaver, a Gallant amongst the Ladies in the *Park*, an Atheist amongst the *Coffee-wits*, and a Quaker at *Devonshire-house*. Yet when we thought all Cock-sure prepared, and doubted nor but to have stem'd the Tide of Opposition, by a Torrent from our *Romish See*, behold! an unhappie providence damps the progress, and the *Alarm* takes through the City, as fast as our Train of *Wild-fire* in *Sixty-six*: immediately the *Pulpit* Rings, and the *Press* Groans with invectives against our Doctrines. All our Pollicies are unravel'd, our Sacred person exposed to Contempt and burnt by the Hereticks in *Effigy*. In brief, this most holie Design, which we have so long been Midwifing into the World, is like to prove *abortive*, and fatallie Miscarrie; unless your *Old-dragon* subtiltie, can speedilie by some wonderful Stratagem, revive it to perfection.

Devil. Be patient dear Child! and bend a little to fate, remember your Countrie Proverb, *Piano Piano*, what is said of the Citie, holds true of your Faith.

Non fuit in uno conita Roma die:
Rome is not built in a day.

Great Mutations require time, be not too hastie, he goes safest that walks *Pedetentim*; Physitians never administer Remedies in the Fit, stay till this *Paroxism* is over, way lay Opportunitie, and learn to sail with everie wind. In the mean time follow me to the next Arbour, where we will prepare instructions for our *Emissaries* abroad, as we conceive most convenient in the present juncture. Hereupon laying their heads together for an hour, like the *Toad* lending poyson to the *Viper*, their teeming Inventions were delivered of the following By-blow.

IN:

INSTRUCTIONS *to be pursued by all* Nuncio's, Jesuits, Priests, Laysticklers, *and other Factors of the See of* Rome, *for facilitating the Reestablishment of* Popery *in Heretical Countries.*

Imprimis, You shall make the advancement of the Romish Church your Pole-star. The Center whereto all your words and actions tend, For attaining which end, you shall bank no means be they never so unjust or abominable, for he that thinks Fraud cannot be Pious or Piety, fraudulent is a short-ear'd Ass, and was never bottom'd in School Divinity.

2. You shall discover or conceal your Religion, as best suits your conveniences, and rather than lose a good place for want of a renunciatory Oath, you shall have from us Dispensations and Pardons *gratis*, to Indemnifie your Souls; yet still you shall pretend in publick to a most stout honesty and sincerity. For,

The Stratagem is then exalted high
*When th'*Hypocrite *reviles* Hypocrisie.

3. Think not to put off all your ware at once, down right Popery at first dash is frightful, but those that keck at it whole, will swallow it handsomely minc'd. First, Tinge people with a preparative Blew, and then sauce 'um with the colour of the Scarlet Whore, begin with our most plausible Principles, The Vulgar never mind the Tail of the business, yet there lies the Stings; when the Needle is once through the Threed will follow; some serious Truths must be delivered the better under those Palliations, to disseminate our profitable Errors, so a stink offends more when concomitant with some weak Perfume which it hath *pro vehimlo*, than when 'tis single, the Perfume procuring for the stench easier admittance into the Sense: Thus Poysons are most dangerous and irremediable when joyned in Commission with a Cordial too weak to resist them, it only serving to conduct them to the Heart, but is unable to vanquish their malignity.

4. Let your deportment be complaisant, even to servile Flattery; Court your very Enemies with the most oblieging Language, and Protestations of kindness: Kiss those hands you would cut off, and hug him you cannot hang, at least untill you can; still fashion your selves to the humor of the present company, as the light is round in the Sun, in the fire *Pyramidal*. If any recommend Liberty of Conscience, do you straight cry out against Persecution, and laugh not for a world, but remember you are yet a while to play the Foxes and Wolves in Sheeps Cloathing: 'Tis hereafter in the Inquisition you are to act the parts of Lyons Rampant.

5. In

5. In private Discourses you shall passionately bewail the Variety of Sects and Opinions amongst *Protestants*, (yet still promote such differences what you can) representing the difficulty of *Scriptures* to be understood: How every *Heresie* seeks Protection there; and a thousand different Judgements vouch their Warrant from the same Text. Hence you shall take occasion, slily to magnifie the Unity of *Rome*, (though indeed there's no such thing) That without a Judge, there can be no Accision: without *Infallibility*, no Certainty; and consequently, no *Security*. That such as slip the Pale of the Church, are alwayes in a rolling condition, and like a floating Island, or Sea-weeds, know not where to take, or how to keep root; yet still perswade people, there's no danger of *Popery*, no design to introduce it: That such a Charge is ridiculous to imagine, impossible to be accomplisht, &c. When Men sleep, is the only time to sow Tares; Security dwells next door to Ruine.

6. Study profoundly, humours and interests, to the poor magnify *Popish Charity*, and the noble housekeping of old: To young Scholars, the learning of the *Jesuites*, and the excellent Method and Discipling of their Schools beyond the Seas: To the Debauched, represent the Moderation of your Church, in voting the wanton Sillies of Nature, (as *Whoredom*, *Adultery*, *Incest*, and *Sodomy*) but venial *Peccadillies*, and granting indulgencies at easie Rates, for great Crimes.

7. Promote that laudable Design of *Atheism*, which you have already so hopefully begun: For those that have no regard for any Religion, to be sure, will never oppose one that is so fitted for their turn, and near of Kin (in effect) to their present Sentiments.

8. You shall more industriously spread your nets for the Rich and the Great: Who being most allied to the world, are apter to comply with any Religion that's thriving. Besides the influence of their Example and Power on the *Domesticks*, *Relations*, and *Dependants*: For you may see when the Tide turns, all the Ships at anchor in the River, presently change *Head* for *Sterne*.

9. A Miracle, now and then, may do well among the vulgar, but cautiously: 'Tis a subtile Eagle-eyed Age: Be sure therefore, prepare your Counterfeit, that is to be possest very well, and your hand invisible, juggling hair clearly.

Lastly, Forget not *Primitive Polity*, in tempting *Eve* first; proselite the *Women*, and let them alone to draw in the *Men*: There is no Devil to the *Shee Devil*: They long since brought the *Strongest* of Men to Ruine, and the *Wisest* to Idolatry. Our more Private Directions

rections for Murthering Princes, Burning Heretical Cities, &c. We shall inspire you within person, and now conclude with our joynt *Benediction.*

May your Foreheads be as Walls of *Corinthian Brass*, your Tongues tipt with *Syrens* Musick, and your *Ignis fatuus* lead all *Europe.*

Given at *Rome*, this 9th of *November*, S. *Ro.* in the year of Hells Confusion, 1678. Signed with the Devils Paw, and the Seal of the Fisher.

Having dispatcht away these Instructions by an Infernal Carrier, they both fell a *Quaffing* some full Bowls of English Martyrs Blood, reserv'd ever since *Queens Maries* dayes, for the Popes own Mornings Draughts, and being pretty well heated, were beginning healths to his *Holiness* and the whole *Conclave*, and success to their Pious Design of *Murdering the King* and all His English Subjects: but that the sudden News of the Discoverie of their Hellish Plot marr'd their Occasions; and their Deeds of Darkness, and Inhumane Cruelty committed upon the innocent Body of that renowned English Patriot, Sir *Edmundbury Godfry*, which being now brought to Light, how, where, and when, has dampt their Mirth; and caused a true Protestant who overheard their Consultations, and what happen'd, thus to express his joy:

Oh Rome! *Thy Plots are discover'd I see,*
And Fire-Balls found compounded by thee:
Thy Hellish Designs are known: and in vain
The Draw-Net is cast, to catch us again.
Thy Coffers will shrink, th' Inexhaustible Well
Shall ne're be thy Love: Let Hell huff and swell,
Grutch Abby-Lands: though Rome *threat and sing,*
She shall ne're possess the Partridge *wont Spring.*
You both may Club your Interest, and joyn
Your Forces, yet miss our Souls and our Coyn.

FINIS.